

An artificiall Apologie, articulerlye

answerpge to the obstreperous Obgannypges of one W. G. Cuometyd to the vituperacion of the tryumphant trollynge Thomas Smyth. Repercussed by the ryght redolent & rotounde rethorician R. Smyth D. with annotaciōs of the mellifluous and mysticall Master Wylterne, marked in the merc- gent for the enucliacion of certen obscure obeliskes, to thende that the imprudent lector shulde not tyfubate or hallucinate in the labyrynthes of this lucubratiuncle.

Much wylth mercy, by pyppe pponed
Of duty I am dyspud, somwhat for to wylth
In defence of one, whome I se soye boked
And soye assauted, to be beaten fro the ryght
But yf I lyue, some of them shalbe smoked
His part wyl I take w al my power & myght.

My harte doth blede, to se my frende thus dyest
So that my penne wyl wylth, though I se naye
Agaynst this byochpthe grape, this bytter bytynge beall
That seketh nothynge elles, but for to pull awaye
The good name and fame, of one that is honest
And ful of lyttérature, as all that loue hym saye

Master Thomas Smyth, his name nede not be hyd
Whome to se so handled, I haue great remorse
For the stockes sake, of which he is descended
He cometh of the Smyth, that shod saynt Georges hofse
By ryght descent, it maye not be denyed
But yf any wolde, it shall not greatly forye.

Who made this bagarde so bolde, this gresely grape
O what heart hath he, that he thus assayles
Our Smyths, yf S. Georges hofse were a lyue I saye
He doyt enen as well haue eaten both his napples
But though he be gone, all beastes be not awaye
I coulde saye moys, but he doth naught that rayles.

Betwixt the Smythes & grapes, no doute ther is great odde
Like in vitas patrum, I saye thou wylfull wagge
Howe Smyths haue bene byshoppes, saynts & almost goddes
Recorde of swete saynt Loye, that holpe a cloped nagge
Wylcane was god & smyth, whose curse lyghte on thy rodde
Why then wylth be Smythes, art thou so bolde to byagge

Marke this malicious, and soye bytynge broch
Because master Smyth, called him thefe in spoyte
Speakepge it but merely, I dare saye in mock
Howe lewdely of him, he hath made repoyte
But saye what thou canst, he dyd it not by cok
For by saynt tanhard, he is none of that cok.

The money & the womā, wherewith thou doest him charge
He maye full well aduoyde, it is no great thyng
God saue the kyng, a pardon doth dyscharge
God thynges then that, which elles myght hap to byng
Both him and you, but shant to walke at large
With in an yron grate, pour Chyrtmas songs to syng

As for the woman, alas it was no wonder
She was a whoze, and he hath such a charme
If he be arrant, to byng her shoulde vnder
And yet I promysse you, he doth them lytle harme
But byngs them to his house, where they parte not asonder
He couereth her, he collyth her & keeps her good and warme.

And forsooth full well, towarde his olde dayes
He poynted him a place, to be in the stable
But he neuer dyelled hofse, as he him selfe sayes
Wherfore for that roome, he is nothynge able
His lyupnge he must seke, by some other wayes
Well ynough I warrant you, without hode or bable

If he had no master, ner none wolde him take
Shant into the stable, yet ere it were longe
He hath so many frendes, thou sayest wolde shyt make
To promote him to the shourpge, of some good mas gonge
Thou art to spytfull, and I for anger make
To se howe thou doest, this pooze man so much wonge.

Ye call him papist, because ye se him woyche
In all he doth or sayth, by doctours and decrees
Of our olde auncent mother holy churche
And forbycause, he doth defende theyr dygnities
Lyke a foure of loyelles, you wolde him geue a lurch
His credyt and his fame, to cause hym for to lurch.

Our Smyth can foige, and fetely fabrycate
A myllion of mentyses, in lesse then halfe a daye
Like in all his woyches which are consolydate
Lyke a wylthp man, dawne canst thou saye naye
In such an honest foige, lo he was educate
And such his byngpge by, his craft cannot decaye

And yet this bytynge broche, sayes he is bytworthp
To be a papsthe clerke, God geue the wo and care
But yet he come thereto, we trust to se the lye
As hyng for gods sake, in pouertie full bare
Wylt thou pare with our Smyth, ah pryde pratyng ppe
Wylt do not so I aduysse you, I counsell you betpare.

It wylbe a good whyle or you master Crape
Haue such qualypres as master Smyth hath
He speareth enen as good frenche, I dare well saye
As any popyngay, betwene this and bathe
Crache me that nut, naye fye I praye you awaye
Wylde not withall, least that it doth you shathe.

By he hath bene in Darps, farre beyonde the see
Wher thou durst neuer, yet pepe out of thy doze
And I my selfe, dyd here him once saye
With so starme a loke, Dieu vous done bon iour
That cuer sence, I thought hym ryght well worthp
To haue the lytle roume, within the kynges toure

Hercules was stronger, then any of the grapes
Yet was he not hable to mache with two at once
Be ware I saye thou broche and shoytly walke thy wapes
For we be many Smythes, and yf we cathe the once
We wyl fynde the meanes, to worten thy good dayes
And in our flamyng foys, we wil burne the fleshe & bones.

Recant therfore betyme, least we the momoyde
And beate the with our handes, as pson the syth
Lauypge the for cure, to be a good recorde
Howe any man hereafter doth rayle upon a Smyth
Thy fame we shall pollute, for so wenge soch dyscord
Wauger all theyr heartes, that be displeased therwith.

I warrant you thys grape, hath lytle good maner
To call master Smyth, bedlem and lunaryke
What though he be gogle eyed, and tawny as atanner
It is but hys complecyon, fwart and collypche
But sythen that he doth fpyght, vnder holy churches bance
His lybels are allowed, for good and catholyche.

And though he be a Smyth, by face and che of name
Yet to God and the kyng, the man maye be well wylled
For was not there a Smyth that poype feates dyd frame
The chonpyles make mencyon, whofo them well behyde
Repoyte me to the blacke Smyth, a man of worthy fame
Howe many at his comaundemēt, had he at blacketh felde.

Nowe for that Smyth, & all Smythes I mean as he dyd mean
O that agaynst God and our kyng, ought conspyre or saye
That such of there offenses, maye be confessed cleane
And iust rewarde to take, this prayer wyl I praye
And also that all other, that to theyr fetes do leane
Maye strudge w the for copany, to ancre Wyllyam Crape.

Thus forced by frendshyp, and lykenes of name
I haue compyled this brete apologie
Byopungyng ther in Smythes, and theyr honest fame
And theyr vylpencers, to shame and turpetye
Imployng that Loyde, that forged the frame
Of fye and water, of earth and of skye.

To preserue kyng Henry that pynter potencefall
And ratherpne our queene of curtesye the flour
Wylth Edward our prync, that pynce emperfall
In helth, in welth, in ryches, in honour,
And to conferue the counsell herofall
To paupse the people by pyndencefall potwer.

Quod statuta
debit, nemo
rollere potest.

Experientia
est doctor.

De homini illi
per quem sciam
salum bene.

Per synopen
quasi dicatur
compar.

Nota domini
linguam.

Didic plus quā
manducatus
per se.

Ware et dicit,
nihil eni sunt
dic eius.

Domini
aditum.

Cauere a fabulā
quoniam multū.

Nota qd chole-
rici sunt iracundia
fm Auson. dicit.

In memoria eret
na erit iudic.

b. Peter notce.
b. Bne Maria.
vnum Creditum
om de ppo-
fundis.

Quia sunt de
vno cognosc.

His anet hōz totū
lar i rectio nā.

God saue the Kyng.

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And be to sell in Water noster rowe, at the sygne of the Rose.